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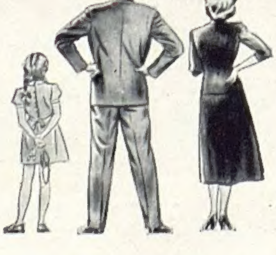
better  living

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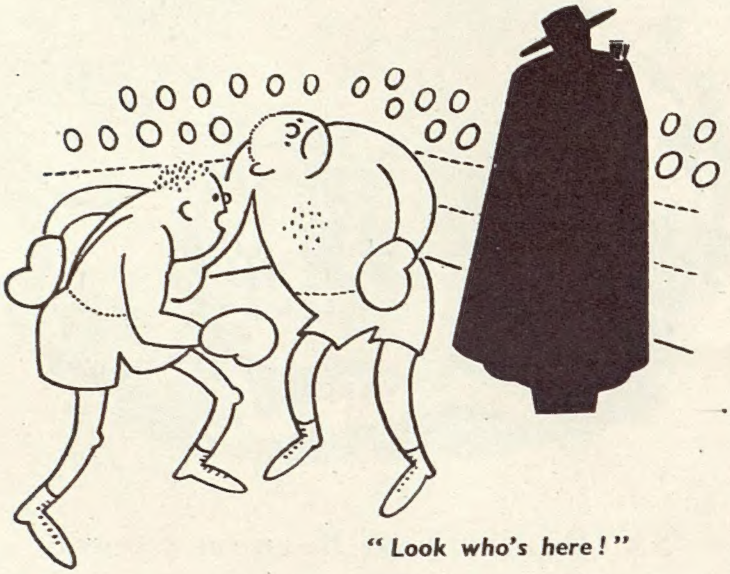

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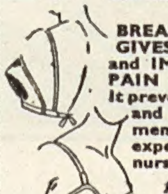

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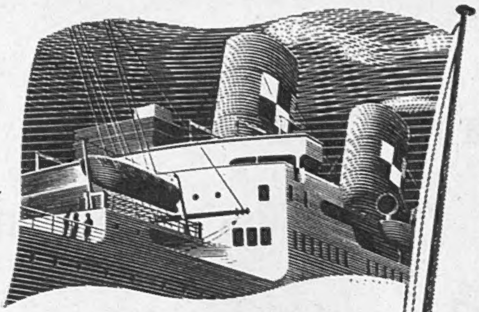

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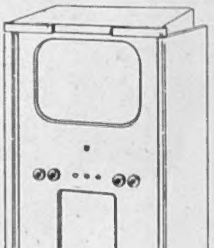

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THE FAMILY WHOSE GRIEF THE NATION SHARES. Four generations of the Royal family after the christening of Princess Anne. The death of H.M. King George VI. is a tragic loss to all of us, and the nation extends its sympathy and allegiance to the family of which he was such a beloved member.

Off with the Motley

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

IT is perhaps not the easiest thing in the world, in a space normally devoted to the less serious matters of contemporary life, to deal adequately with an event which has overshadowed the peoples of the Empire or with the great and good man who has gone. " The King's most excellent Majesty " is one of those phrases in the English language which stir the blood and quicken the pulse. In it is enshrined all the tradition, all the dignity and all the aspiration of the monarchy. King George VI. had, I believe, for all his natural preference for the life of a Norfolk squire, as full a share in the *mystique* of his calling as had his father, King George V. The parallel between father and son is indeed extraordinary. Neither was born to be King, yet both ideally fulfilled the task. Each succeeded, unexpectedly, an elder brother whose failings were a matter of anxious concern to their fathers and the experienced courtiers who watched with anxiety the development of characteristics which made them unsuitable as Kings of England. Each has had the support of a wonderful Queen—neither of whom, however, was particularly popular when the reign began. (Members of an older generation will recall that many of the early criticisms of Queen Elizabeth's taste in clothes were identical with those made of Princess May when George V. ascended the throne.)

But if neither expected nor desired the kingship, there can be little doubt as to the manner in which both of these Kings—probably two of the best and most well-beloved in our history—grew to the task, the terrible, overpowering task, laid upon them.

When Mr. Attlee said, in announcing the King's death to the members of the Socialist party: "This is a tremendous loss. No one can have been more kind and considerate to me as a Prime Minister than King George VI.," he was, I know, speaking from the heart. Like Mr. Churchill, whose personal friendship with the late King was one of the strength and stays of each for the other which supported them during the grievous crises of the war, Mr. Attlee found, as Prime Minister, an experienced knowledge, an admirable common sense and a steadfastness of character which must indeed have lightened the tasks of a harassed Prime Minister. I do not think it is too much to say that the King, aided by Queen Elizabeth, may well have saved the monarchy, after it had been so gravely shaken by the pitiful incident of the Abdication. If to-day that high drama is forgotten—except when one of the principal actors revives it with a book—this is due partly to the sturdy, magnificent capacity of the great British public for forgetting (which operates sometimes for good as well as—as is normally the case—for evil), it is also due to the character and achievements of the Royal family.

The veneration in which the Royal family is held is not an accident and it is not to be taken for granted. We must remember that when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the monarchy was sunk deep in the disrepute into which George IV. and the behaviour of the young Queen's "Wicked Uncles" had plunged a dynasty which had never really been popular with other than a small and interested section of the population. That monarchy survived the waves of Republicanism from across the Channel and the initial unpopularity of the Prince Consort, only to incur fresh displeasure during the long seclusion of the Mourning Queen. Indeed, the language used by the gentlemanly Republicans, such as "that viper Labouchère," as Edward VII. called him, even at the end of Queen Victoria's reign, would almost shock the editor of the *Daily Worker* to-day.

There is, therefore, no reason for believing that the monarchy as an institution in this country is to be taken for granted. Two great wars and a succession of revolutionary movements have swept away the imperial dynasties and the principalities which glittered and shone at the coronation of King Edward VII. Romanoffs, Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs and Wittelsbachs vanished from their thrones, and their descendants are to be found in Detroit motor-car factories, in the directors' rooms of the more fashionable wine merchants, or in the lecture room. The swarm of Grand-dukes and Arch-dukes, of Serene Highnesses and Electoral Highnesses, of Kurfürsten and Markgräfer, the Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Mechlenburg-Schwerins, the "Von-und-Zu's," in fact, the page after solid page of the Almanach de Gotha which attended the funeral of Queen Victoria and the coronations of King Edward and King George V. have vanished as though they had never been. (Whether, in the event, their unfortunate countries are any the better or happier for their disappearances is, to say the least, a debatable point.) But while wars and revolutions have destroyed less stable institutions and overthrown Empires which looked at least, if not more, imposing than that which is based on London and Windsor, our own monarchy thrust its roots ever more deep into the affections of the Sovereign's sovereign people. This is a remarkable feat. Republicanism exists in this country to-day, and would, I believe, grow with great rapidity in the event of there being a bad or a foolish Monarch. That its existence is scarcely acknowledged or perceived is a tribute to the heart and character of King George VI. and his father.

In what lay their secret? I believe in the fact that both Kings were so very British, sharing the tastes (and the prejudices) of the majority of their fellow-countrymen. The happy head of a happy family is a British ideal, and both Kings most admirably fulfilled it. It in no way detracts from the happiness, nor the attraction of the picture, if the head of the family tends sometimes to "come the heavy father" or prove a trifle irascible at breakfast, or if some minor matter goes wrong.

King George VI. was a keen all-round sportsman: indeed, such an all-rounder that there were few sporting occasions which he had to attend in his official capacity of which he had not the knowledge which comes from experience. As a shot, he had inherited all the amazing quickness and eye of his father, who could have four birds dead in the air at the same time. He was a countryman at heart, never happier than when he was at Sandringham or on the moors at Balmoral, and, as the constant tendency for town dwellers to move outwards towards the nearest patch of green shows, as a race we remain countrymen at heart.

Like his father, he had a magnificent nautical flow of language if aroused, but I think the average Briton would rather have a strip torn off him in explosive, righteous, eloquent indignation than suffer the unforgiving disapproval of the more self-contained and less human. Like the rest of his subjects he had a deep and abiding indignation for those who made wars and disturbed the peace of the world and the happiness of the humble. Like his subjects in this country, he cannot have viewed with any great happiness the picture of what appeared to be the break-up of the great Empire which he had inherited. It was typical of the King that with the British capacity of making the best of a bad job, he set himself to adapt himself to the new conditions in which he found that in practice (though not constitutionally) he was in some of his countries no more than a President of a Republic.

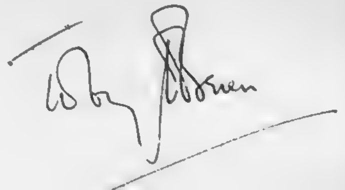
The tributes paid by Mr. Nehru, Prime Minister of India, and by the representatives of Pakistan and Ceylon, were tributes as much to the diplomatist which the King had become in the new-style Commonwealth, as to the man himself and his personal character. In 100 years' time historians, looking back to the reign of King George VI., will agree that there can seldom have been a monarch more devoted, but who had more difficulties to overcome.

His father, it is true (and here again the parallel is close), came to the throne at a time when the country was rent by the Parliament Act and by the People's Budget, and by the threat of Civil War in Ireland—a threat which was probably only averted by the outbreak of a still greater war. His father, like him, was the head of the State through an appalling world-wide struggle. After the war there were the internal struggles (how many people remember that a battalion of the Guards mutinied), culminating in the General Strike. But for King George V. there were some years of comparative tranquillity, or what the Americans call "normalcy."

For King George VI. there were none. He came to the throne as a result of the miserable episode of the Abdication. Hitler marching into the Rhineland, the Abyssinian War, the tension over the Spanish Civil War, over the assassination of Dollfuss, the forcible Anschluss with Austria, Munich, the seizure of Czechoslovakia, crises which followed each other in unbroken succession until the greatest crisis, that of September 3, 1939. And since the war there has been, as he and his Poet Laureate, Mr. John Masefield, would have said: "One damn thing after another." What a reign! And how fine a man to have borne it so devotedly and so uncomplainingly!

Just before the war I was in a German cinema. There was an excerpt from a newsreel. It showed the King in an open-neck shirt and shorts at the Duke of York's boys camp. He was sitting in the middle of a laughing group, and with the others was singing "Underneath the Spreading Chestnut Tree" with gestures appropriate to that song. How the Germans around me roared with laughter at this exhibition, so strongly in contrast with the pomp and panoply of their strutting Führer. "Heil Hitler!" they shouted in derision.

But there is something of a contrast between the last sordid scene in the Chancellery garden with the Russian shells falling close by and the last drunken faithful preparing to make their getaway as best they might, and the solemn and moving funeral procession of a great man, greatly mourned, who was a King—"and kept the common touch." I think there is a moral there, somewhere.



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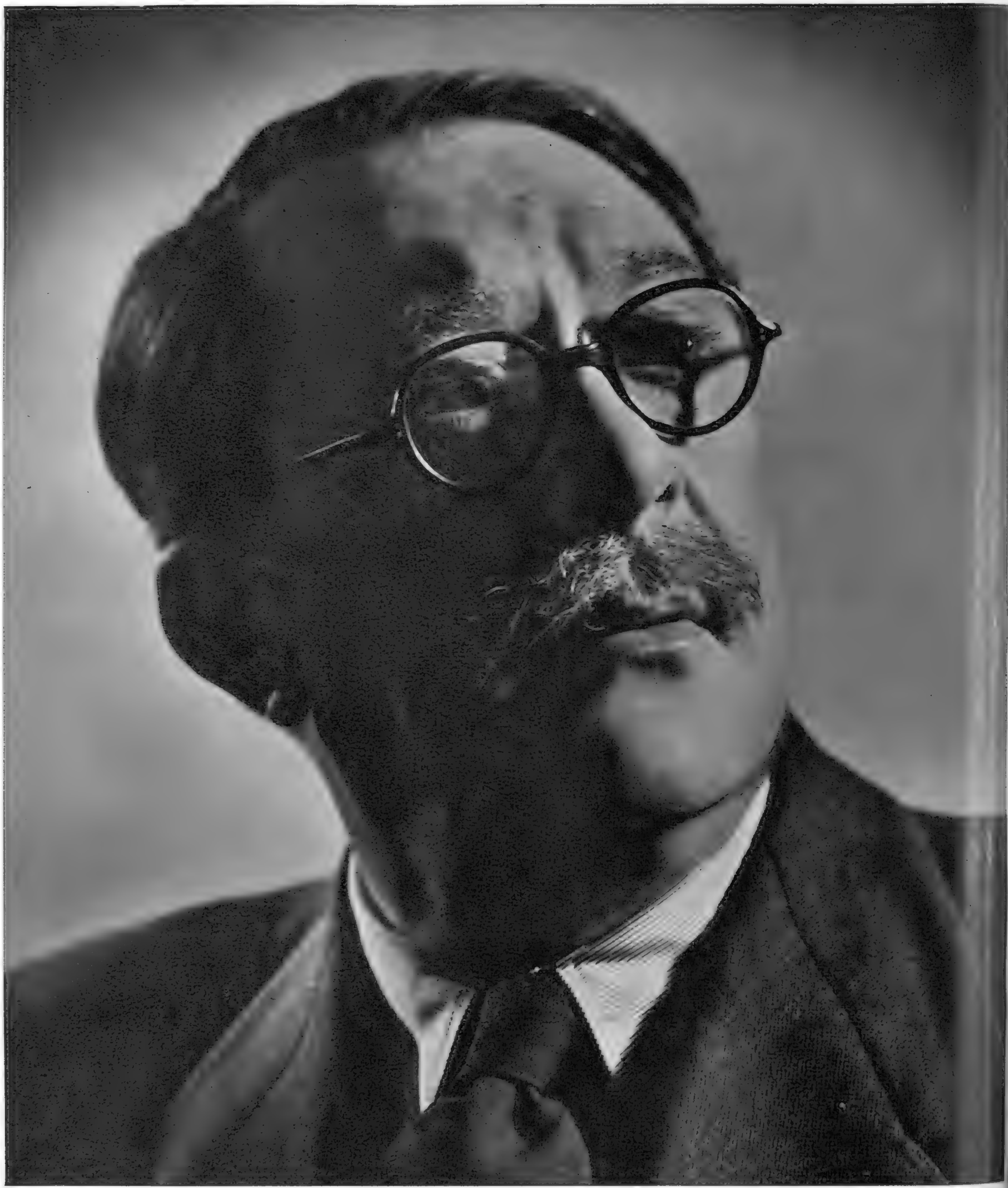


Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

"Good Manners, Decorum and the Public Peace."

Mr. Gilbert Harding is due (at the time of writing) to be heard on these subjects in the Third Programme to-night. Mr. Harding, who joined the B.B.C. in 1939, originally meant to be an Anglican clergyman, but became a Roman Catholic instead, and was for several years a teacher of English. He then joined the Bradford City Police Force, but had to retire because of an injured knee, and became a *Times* correspondent. After that he read for the Bar; now has an outside contract with the B.B.C.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JAN. 26.—The Belvoir Hunt Ball was in the Regent's gallery at Belvoir Castle this year, and the Duke and Duchess of Rutland had a house party for it which included the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Richard Stanley, Lord Derby's brother and M.P. for the North Fylde Division of Lancashire, Lady Bridget Clark, Lord and Lady Minto's elder daughter, Colonel Anthony Rugge-Price, Mrs. Campbell and Miss Dugdale. Also at the ball were Lord John Manners, Lord Roger Manners, Lady Isobel Guinness and Lady Ursula d'Abo, brothers and sisters of the Duke of Rutland, his mother, Kathleen, Duchess of Rutland, in whose party Lady Ursula and her husband went, Lord and Lady Gainsborough—she was Miss Mary Stourton—Mr. Rupert Strutt, Lady Paynter, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. R. Hanbury, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Barford and Mrs. Cumming Bell. The Duke of Rutland was in the Grenadier Guards during the war and married Miss Anne Cumming Bell in 1947.

JAN. 27.—We met Marko Rothmuller, the great dramatic baritone who has made such an impression as Wozzeck in *Wozzeck*: a remarkable performance and a most interesting and delightful man. He denied that the opera was difficult to sing, adding that the most difficult seeming parts are often the easiest; he has great sympathy for the character of Wozzeck, the most intelligent and sensitive person in the sad and violent drama. One newspaper said that there had been only three rehearsals; Mr. Rothmuller confirmed that that was as unlikely as it sounded. He comes from Zurich, where he lived and sang for years; now, with his wife and two young sons, he lives at Forest Hills, outside New York.

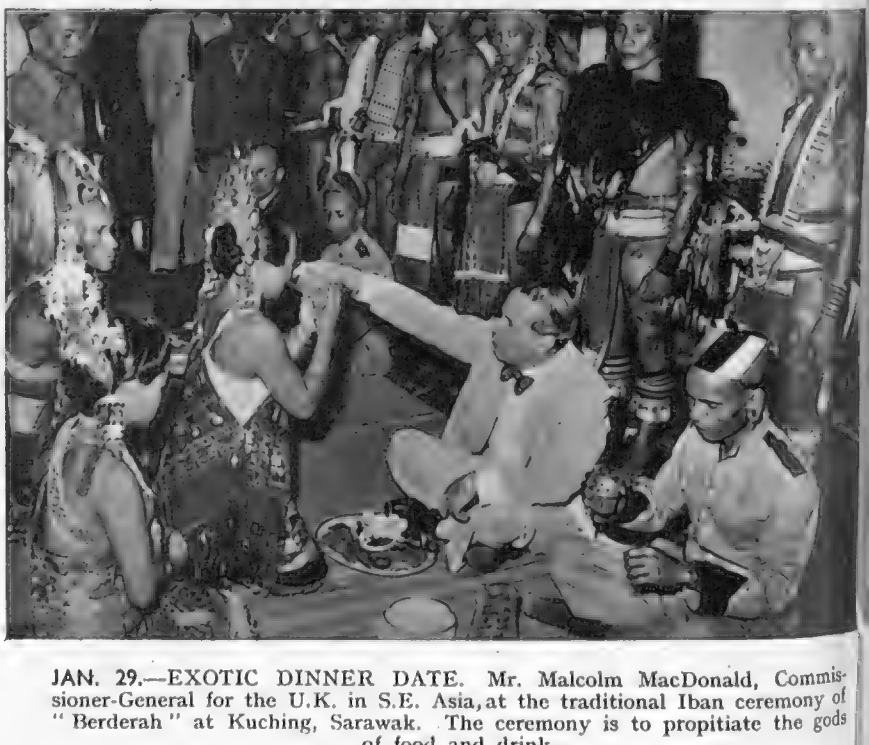
JAN. 28.—We went to see Miss Alexandra Wernher in her exotic flat which is full of pugs and birds. Miss Wernher is tall, attractive and exotic herself; she is a niece of Sir Harold Wernher who, with his wife, Lady Zia, has lately gone to Bermuda; and a granddaughter of Sir Julius. She breeds the pugs, who regard the bright, chattering birds with Victorian reserve, and is studying singing; as a child was a prodigy pianist and played at many concerts in America, where she was brought up. She also acted there in *Summer Stock* and had the merry experience of being soaked nightly in tomato ketchup (for blood) in a blood-and-thunder play. Besides being a promising mezzo-soprano, Zandra Wernher can make her own very attractive clothes.

JAN. 29.—Went to Tooth's Gallery to see their new show, called "To-day and Yesterday," and including, besides Matthew Smiths, Sickerts, Stanley Spencers, a Lucien Pissarro and an Augustus John, some interesting work by a young Irish painter called Daniel O'Neill, who is better known in Dublin and the U.S. than here. Matthew Smith bought one of his pictures, which are very vivid and full of light. Also in the show are three paintings by Tristram Hillier which are very, very clear and meticulous, full of hot sun, burning sand and apparent peace, with a hint of doom round the corner.

JAN. 26.—WITH LILIES, LACE, AND LITTLE ATTENDANTS. Miss Susan Lansdale marries Mr. Osbert Peake at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Some of the dear little boys seem straight from the Never-Never-Land.

JAN. 27.—SMACK! went the diver, and King Frederik of Denmark and his daughter Princess Margrethe stifled a whoop of amused astonishment. The Princess is twelve; they were at a swimming show in Copenhagen.

JAN. 29.—BY THE BONNY BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND: Major and Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett ski-ing on the Loch Lomondside hills above Cameron House, his father's home. Major-General A. P. D. Telfer-Smollett is Lord Lieutenant of the County.



JAN. 29.—EXOTIC DINNER DATE. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner-General for the U.K. in S.E. Asia, at the traditional Iban ceremony of "Berderah" at Kuching, Sarawak. The ceremony is to propitiate the gods of food and drink.

JAN. 29. — WITH THE NORTH DOWN HARRIERS. Lord Dufferin out hunting in Northern Ireland. He succeeded his father, the fourth Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, in 1945.

JAN. 30.—CHEERFUL WEDDING. Miss Sally Watts married Mr. A. D. H. Macnaghten, elder son of the late Sir Henry and Lady Macnaghten, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

JAN. 30.—FLOWERS AND DELICACIES. The little bouquet carried by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the chef's dish of delicacies are both arranged with formal artistry.

JAN. 29.—We went on from Tooth's to see Miss Joan Haslip in her flat in Carrington House; Mrs. Haslip, her mother, had just come over from their villa near Florence, bringing an Italian maid who is a wonderful cook. Miss Haslip, who made her name when she was very young with her books *Parnell* and *Lady Hester Stanhope*, has just finished a book about the Borgias, most of it written in Italy. Her next is to be about Abdul-Hamid, the last of the sultans; Turkey at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century should be as absorbing a subject as Renaissance Rome, with the seraglio to compete with Borgia excesses. Joan Haslip has more friends, in more places, than most people, but being gay, pretty and social does not prevent her from being a very painstaking and infallibly accurate biographer and historian.

JAN. 30.—Among people at *The Happy Time* at the St. James's Theatre were the Princess of Berar and Hyderabad, who took a party; Lady Headfort; Sir Michael and Lady Balcon, whose daughter, Jill, lately married Day Lewis, the poet, who is also Nicholas Blake, author of popular detective stories; Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, Vivien Leigh's parents; Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, always firm first-nighters; Samuel Taylor, the American author of the play, with his wife, who had come over specially in the *Queen Mary*; Ted Ray, whose young son Andrew plays most excellently the long and difficult part of Bibi in the play; Michael Redgrave, whose wife, Rachael Kempson, has one of the chief parts, brought their son and two daughters; Sir Godfrey Tearle and Clive Brook. The play, fresh, gay and beautifully acted, makes an ideal frivolous evening out.

JAN. 31.—Among the large crowd at the Leicester Galleries private view were Lady Hood, Lord Strabolgi's daughter, Sir Charles and Lady Hambro, of Dixton Manor, Gloucestershire, Sir Charles and Lady Dobell, Sir Richard Rees, Lady Taylor, Sir David Scott, Mr. Stanley Spencer, Miss Enid Morse, sister of Rear-Admiral Sir John Morse, and Mrs. Henry Bailey-King; there was also a contingent of visitors from Wales to see the work of the three Welsh painters, J. D. Innes (who died in 1914), Kyffin Williams and Merlyn Evans. With thick oils, Williams confines large tracts of Wales in small canvases; *The Dark Lake*, all blacks and greys and very brooding and deep-looking, is attractive. Evans contributes drawings, most of them abstract and including some lovely tiny cobwebby ones, also a portrait of Giorgio di Chirico, famous for the Surrealist painting he used to do, chiefly of horses; he has startled his admirers not only by giving that up, but by being seen, apparently on terms of cordial agreement, with Sir Alfred Munnings.

We lunched with Christabel, Lady Ampthill, very smart and good-looking and amazingly energetic: she hunts four days a week with the Beaufort and on Mondays and Thursdays works at her dress shop, Christabel Russell, in Brick Street, which she started in 1920. Behind it are the rooms she lives in, beautifully furnished and with collectors' pieces of china decoratively about. She takes an evening train to Chippenham on Mondays, hunts Tuesday and Wednesday, back to London that night, Chippenham again Thursday night until Sunday. She has ridden hundreds of horses and never a bad one: She says—"It's simply a question of trusting them. The same with wild animals and children; if you trust them they never let you down." She has spent much time in Africa watching, not shooting, big game: never, she promises, aggressive unprovoked, but friendly, and delightful to watch.

JAN. 31 (Just Received).—BEAUTY ON ICE. The two pretty girls enjoying the sun on the ice-rink at Villars, one of the largest in Switzerland, are Miss Diana Nicholl and Miss Barbara Houison-Crawford.

JAN. 31 (Received To-day).—IN THE SWISS ALPS. At Bretaye, above Villars, l. to r., Mr. C. A. Savile, Lord Mexborough, Miss Madeleine Sherston-Baker and Lady Mexborough. Mr. Savile is Lord and Lady Mexborough's son.

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NAIROBI

One of the last photographs of our new young Queen taken while she was still Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh. She was at a garden-party given for her and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh by Sir Philip Mitchell, Governor of Kenya, who is beside her.

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. . with J. C. TREWIN

The Happy Time. Papa tells Bibi about love and truth in the third act. Andrew Ray as Bibi, Peter Finch as his father.

The Happy Time. Maman tells Grandpère he ought to be in bed; his reply is what is known as "typically French." Rachel Kempson, Ronald Squire.

★ Also Chosen ★

THE HAPPY TIME

(St. James's)

THE St. James's is one of my favourite theatres; and when the play there is unworthy I am apt to feel as hurt as if someone has smudged the pages of a prized book. *The Happy Time*, which now holds the stage, during the absence of the Oliviers in America, is not perhaps an unworthy piece of its school, but it is certainly not top-of-the-form. I found it hard to remain urgently interested in the amorous education of a young French-Canadian boy from an odd household in Ottawa. Period: the nineteen-twenties.

Here I speak for myself. Some good judges assure me that they enjoyed the occasion. My complaint is about the general thinness of texture. The comedy is adapted by Samuel Taylor from a novel (by Robert Fontaine), and I have no doubt that in the book there are many more lights on character; that the author has established the Bonnard family more surely than it is established at the St. James's, where a puff of wind might well blow it away.

This is not to under-value a loyal cast. Ronald Squire, with only a chance or two, does make a complete character of Grandpère (who has plainly drifted into Ottawa from a Gay Paree of long ago); and Peter Finch, Peter Dyneley and George Devine, equally amorous sons-and-uncles, help to keep the play going. I liked Andrew Ray's clear directness as Bibi, the little-boy-in-love, though—with the rest of the cast—he found a French-Canadian accent intractable. There was indeed a certain inaudibility throughout. This may have prompted the first-night gallery to break out at the end, though it could not have chosen a worse time for its exhibition of bad manners than the moment when Andrew Ray stepped forward shyly to thank the house. One can have no kind of sympathy with such behaviour.

Among the best things of the night was Rachel Kempson's mother from Glasgow. She remained sensible, and she could sing the "Bonny Banks of Loch Lomond" in French. The author should have doubled her part.

The Happy Time. Dashing Uncle Desmonde plays "Rudolph Valentino" for pretty Mignonette. Genevieve Page and Peter Dyneley.

THE SAME SKY

(Lyric, Hammersmith)

ALL players must feel tempted now and again to write a play for themselves. Happily, perhaps, they do not always yield; they have a trick of seeing life through a film of grease-paint or in one of those carefully clouded stage mirrors. Yvonne Mitchell's touching piece, at Hammersmith, does not suffer in this way. She is one of our most sensitive—though desperately unlucky—actresses; and this play has her personal qualities of sympathy and penetration. When I saw it last spring at the Nottingham Repertory, it seemed certain to reach London: here now it is, cast differently, but still fresh, curiously eager, and ready to go straight to the heart. Its scene is the East End in wartime (the grim winter of 1940-41), and the theme an appeal for tolerance. Thora Hird, Frederick Valk—with certain telling silences—and Frances Hyland are players of an integrity to match their author.

Present and Future

WE have talked lately about comedians and villains in the West End theatre. What, then, of the charming folk that people the Never-Never Land of musical play and revue? One thinks immediately of Mary Martin, who should be washing her hair at Drury Lane through 1952. *South Pacific* seems to be set and happy.

JABBERWOCKY

Even so, it is a juvenile compared with *Blue for a Boy* (His Majesty's), which advertises itself as "Lunatic Fun." It is, in fact, jabberwocky. Fred Emney, massive and nimble, and Richard Hearne —without Mr. Pastry's famous wig, but prepared to dive through a cocktail-cabinet—still hold the fort in Deauville: they have done so now for fifteen months. Cicely Courtneidge, at the Saville, drives in tearaway triumph through *Gay's the Word*; George Formby clutches his ukulele and beams toothily in *Zip Goes a Million* at the Palace; and at the Prince of Wales's, in *Peep Show*, I commend you particularly to the Wiere Brothers.

CRAZY YEARS

Other revues by now are a familiar trio. The Crazy Gang is in pell-mell riot at the Victoria Palace, with *Knights of Madness*, now far past its 1000th performance. This is the broader nonsense: for the more satirical intimate type you go to *The Lyric Revue* (Globe), with Joan Heal in flashing form, and one song (by Irlin Hall) haunting in its simplicity. *Penny Plain*, at the St. Martin's, has Joyce Grenfell—urging us now, with a flow of soul, to become earth-lovers or to sing in oratorio.

* * *

ASKEY AND OTHERS

AFTER a lull, several West End productions are approaching. To-morrow (Thursday, February 14), Arthur Askey turns up at the Hippodrome in the musical comedy, *Bet Your Life* (see pages 128-129). Next Tuesday (February 19), the Old Vic Company from Bristol arrives in Waterloo Road in that early and charming Shakespearean "comedy of echoes," as it has been called, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. It is produced by Denis Carey, now among our best directors.

FIRST PERSON

On the following night, February 20, the piece is Lewis Grant Wallace's *First Person Singular*, at the Duke of York's, with Athene Seyler and Felix Aylmer. Then, on February 21, with *Red Letter Day* (Garrick), an American, Andrew Rosenthal, becomes one of the two "straight" dramatists—the other is André Roussin—to have two plays running in the West End (Rosenthal's first play, *Third Person*, is at the Criterion, with Roger Livesey and Denholm Elliott). In *Red Letter Day*, Fay Compton and Hugh Williams head the cast of a piece confined to the fiftieth birthday of a rather rebellious mother.

GETTING AROUND

Basil Ashmore, who has just made his first production, the agreeable *Here's to Us*, at the New Boltons, now promises for February 26 a revival of Henry James's *The High Bid* (in which Forbes-Robertson appeared in 1908). Hugh Burden, Hermione Hannen, D. A. Clarke-Smith and Jenny Laird head the cast.

A hunt ball without hunting horns is unthinkable. Here is Mr. William Chapman having a blow. Listening, *l. to r.*, Mrs. J. Keen, Miss P. Wilkinson and Mr. Jim Keen.

A sedan chair is not only decorative, but completely in the Bath tradition. *L. to r.*, Mrs. E. Fry, Mr. Wilfred Clothier, peering out of the pretty, portable, period chair, Mrs. Wilfred Clothier, Mrs. J. Brittain and Mr. J. Brittain. Hundreds of years of parties happily haunt the Pump Room, rubbing shoulders with the shadows of Mr. Pickwick, Winkle, and Co.

One of the Pump Room's fluted columns behind them, a party pose for *The Sketch*. *L. to r.*, Mr. John Yates, Miss Shirley Graham-Bonnalie, Mrs. John Yates and Lt. E. Michael Drewitt, R.N.

Mendip Farmers' Hunt Ball

The Mendip is one of the jolliest of the West Country hunts and has the pleasant atmosphere only to be found when the farmers are keen themselves. Hounds are welcome everywhere in the Mendip country, which is pleasantly varied, with plenty of pasture for galloping and stone walls among the obstacles. This year the Farmers' Hunt Ball was on February 1, in the Grand Pump Room, Bath. Tommy Kinsman's band played and there were plenty of people to enjoy a rollicking evening.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Trying to corrupt Minerva is Capt. R. Corfield, Mr. M. Worsley abetting. *Sitting*, Miss M. Maconochie and Mrs. F. Holiday.

The M.F.H., Mr. B. O. Allen, *left*, was chairman of the ball. He is with Mr. Jim Keen and Lieut.-Com. Allen.

With their backs to the garlanded buffet are, *l. to r.*, Mr. Jim Weeks, Miss Jean Leckie, Mr. Peter Weeks and Miss Jennifer Robertson.

Sir John Wills dancing with Miss Elizabeth Cornell ; he comes from Blagdon, on the other side of Somerset.

Mr. Andrew Reeves and Miss Julia Clarke dance, talk and laugh their way round the large and beautiful room.

At supper, *l. to r.*, Lady Jane Waldegrave, S/Lieut. Robin Chavasse, R.N. (*behind*), Mr. David Gray, Miss Elizabeth Davies, Lady Gueterbock, S/Lieut. William Gueterbock, R.N. (*standing*), Colonel Sir Paul Gueterbock, S/Lieut. Hugh Ramsey, R.N. (*standing*), Miss Penelope Brierley and Miss Ruth Gueterbock.

L. to r., Mr. and Mrs. Jim Keen, Mr. B. O. Allen, M.F.H., Mrs. B. O. Allen and Mr. Tom Garnett. Most of the guests were out next day at the traditional after-the-ball meet.

Over from the South Wilts country, *l. to r.*, Mr. Malcolm Paterson, Mr. Franey Matthews, Lieut.-Com. E. Arthur Burnett, R.N., Miss Leila Herrick, Miss June Matthews, Miss Rosemary Greville-Williams, Miss Freya Watkinson, Miss Tessa Patterson, Mr. Peter Outram and Mr. Michael Watts.

Clockwise : Mrs. G. Reid, Mr. Ian Blue, Mrs. P. Packard, Brig. E. S. Gaffney, Mr. Peter Packard, Mr. G. Frost, Mrs. Gaffney, Mr. Edmund Thomas, Mrs. E. Thomas and Mrs. Ian Blue.

L. to r., Mrs. J. K. Mardon, Lieut.-Colonel J. K. Mardon (*standing*), Mr. Desmond Lysaght, Mr. Richard Robinson, Mrs. T. W. Garnett, Major G. Leacroft, M.C., Hunt Secretary, and Mrs. R. Robinson.

"LE ROI EST MORT . . .

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TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

IT is our firm policy, in this column, to avoid reference to television's sister media of the theatre and the screen. Our concern is television, and we try to adhere to that particular critical path. When a play is presented, it is of no concern whether it has previously been a success or failure on the stage, or whether it has been adapted from a film. It must stand or fall by its effectiveness on television.

But rules are made to be broken, and since we are now faced with the task of reviewing T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, this is the moment to make an exception. The play, in Mr. Eliot's own particular brand of loose verse, is one of the dramatic phenomena of our time. It has been a raving theatrical success both in America and in this country, much critical ink has flowed in its appreciation, but only the more intrepid intellectual souls have dared to say that they understood it. Apparently even the author himself blandly counters the challenge to explain it by saying: "It is what you yourself make of it." Yet it was hailed as an artistic masterpiece and the success in terms of cash customers cannot be denied. The reason? We did not see the play performed on the stage, but we suspect its success to spring from a combination of curiosity, intellectual snobbery, fine writing and that indefinable something which makes up good entertainment. That it was ever a good play we beg leave to doubt.

Maybe the transition to television took some of the magic out of *The Cocktail Party*, or maybe the adaptor, Desmond Davis, was at fault; we cannot tell. But we were unimpressed and even a little bored. To us, Mr. Eliot had committed the dramatic sin of failing to provide that vital essential of any good play, whether it is in verse or prose: a good story concerning believable characters whose fortunes are of concern. One must care how it is all going to come out in the end, and one must worry what is to happen to the people. There is no need to *like* the characters; one is as much concerned that Iago should suffer just retribution as that Cinderella should find her Prince again. That is real drama and it makes a good play.

Mr. Eliot provides a barrister, at loggerheads with his driving, ambitious wife, a young man and a girl. Infidelity is in the air, and the partnerships become somewhat involved. In fact, shorn of its social glitter and fine words, it all adds up to a pretty sordid quadrangle. To sort all this out needs the services of a famous psychiatrist who sets the four of them on the road to work out their destinies. Not our choice of a plot, but that's up to the dramatist. It could still make a good play if the characters enlisted one's sympathy, if one cared what happened to them and felt that they really needed the help of a *deus IN machina*. But Mr. Eliot's characters, we found, were boring, shallow neurotics (even the psychiatrist showed lamentable traces of megalomania). We couldn't have cared less what happened to them.

Mr. Eliot is also guilty of muddling the issue by clothing the framework of his play with a mass of mysticism, veiled allegory and preaching, not one sermon, but something like a dozen. A good play can only afford a single central theme thoroughly worked out. No wonder the audience is confused; no wonder it is invited to make what it likes out of the play.

But no one could carp at the treatment *The Cocktail Party* received at the hands of television. Michael Barry, head of the drama department, himself undertook the tricky chore of directing the piece. He had with him a cast of fine players and it was not their fault, through any lack of effort or talent, that they were not at their best. Edward Chapman, as the psychiatrist, led the field, but his part carried the least weight of confusion. The others, especially Helen Shingler, John Robinson, Ursula Howells and Susan Richmond, also-ran nobly.

And so to *The Life and Death of King John* and Shakespeare, the actor's playwright, whose knowledge of the anatomy of drama has never been surpassed. In his treatment of this hard-hitting tale of alarums, excursions and derring-do, producer Stephen Harrison used a clever mixture of realism (ably abetted by designer Barry Learoyd) in the general scenes and selective camera focus in the more intimate ones. Of the players, Donald Wolfit drew every ounce out of the not madly sympathetic character of King John, Sonia Dresdel left nothing undrawn in her portrait of the tiresome, scheming Constance, and William Devlin and young Michael Croudson played the poignant Hubert-Arthur scene with exquisite delicacy.

From these mediæval goings-on in high places to the modern tiny storm in a teacup of three old-age pensioners is a large step, but the result was equally effective. The play *Noah Gives Thanks*, by Eric Crozier (beautifully produced by Fred O'Donovan), is a gentle little piece about an old gardener who wants to give thanks to God for being spared to reach his three score and ten, by filling a Memorial Chapel—about to be visited by the Bishop—with the fruits of his labours. The vicar's wife has other ideas on the suitable decoration of chapels, and causes the whole lot to be thrown out, thereby nearly breaking old Noah's heart. However, in the end a miracle happens, and Noah's gift is accepted by a Higher Authority. It was the occasion of three very moving performances by Mary Jerrold, Herbert Lomas and Beckett Bould.

We were glad to welcome back *Ballet for Beginners*, handled, as before, by the Felicity Gray - Philip Bate team. The first programme dealt with *Les Sylphides*, and reunited Domini Callaghan and Michel de Lutry with television balletomanes.

Saturday is not our favourite viewing night as a rule. But wild horses won't keep us from the set while the serialisation of Jane Austen's wonderful novel *Pride and Prejudice* is running. The adaptation by Cedric Wallis—judging by the first instalment—is first rate, and Campbell Logan's production looks like being a triumph of good taste and fidelity to the book's atmosphere. Jane Austen herself, impersonated by Thea Holme, appears in the guise of *commère* and painlessly keeps the action flowing.

* * *

Au revoir becomes adieu. When viewers saw the new Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh set out on their tour during the "Weekly Review" of Television Newsreels on February 3, they little realised that the pictures of King George VI. waving them good-bye would be the last they would see in his lifetime. Television has lost a great and popular figure.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

THE serialisation of *Pride and Prejudice*, in six weekly instalments, continues on Saturday nights at 8 p.m. Milton Rosmer and Gillian Lind appear as Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, the parents of Jane, Elizabeth and Lydia, who are played by Ann Baskett, Daphne Slater and Prunella Scales. The formidable Darcy is Peter Cushing, and his friend, the eligible Bingley, David Markham.

For those of lower-browed persuasions there is a Crazy Show, *Trial Gallop*, presented to-night by Richard Afton, from the People's Palace, London. It features Michael Bentine, Peter Sellars, Leslie Mitchell and Leslie Randall. We rather keep our fingers crossed about this one.

More likely to be our cup of tea is Verdi's *Rigoletto*, which is to be given twice, on February 17 and 21. George R. Foa is producing and the conductor is Charles Mackerras. The principal singers are Edmund Donlevy (Rigoletto), Arthur Servent (Duke of Mantua), Maureen Springer (Gilda) and Anna Pollack (Maddelena). Designer Stephen Bundy will be responsible for the décor and the costumes, which he is basing on the frescoes of the Renaissance Italian painter Benozzo Gozzoli. The opera is to be introduced by Sir Steuart Wilson.

Children of all ages will be able to renew their memories of Frank Richards' famous Greyfriars School, on the 19th and weekly thereafter, until March 25. The episodes of *Billy Bunter of Greyfriars School* will be televised both in the afternoon and evening, and will be produced by Joy Harington, who, with her brother Charles, is responsible for the adaptation. The inimitable Billy Bunter will be played by Gerald Campion, and the Famous Five by John Charlesworth, Keith Faulkner, Barry Macgregor, David Spenser and Michael Danvers-Walker.

Judging by what we hear about Arthur Swinson's comedy *George and the Dragon*, the famous legendary hero will undergo a course of debunking on the 19th. Was he popular with the soldiers, courtiers and politicians? Was he really so strong and incorruptible? Ah, that's asking! The production will be by Eric Fawcett, who has lined up a very strong cast. It includes Joseph O'Connor (George), Helen Shingler, Arthur Wontner, Michael Shepley and Roddy Hughes.

Maybe some future stars will be introduced by Richard Attenborough on the 23rd, when television visits the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art with *Beginners Please*. It will be interesting to try to spot them.

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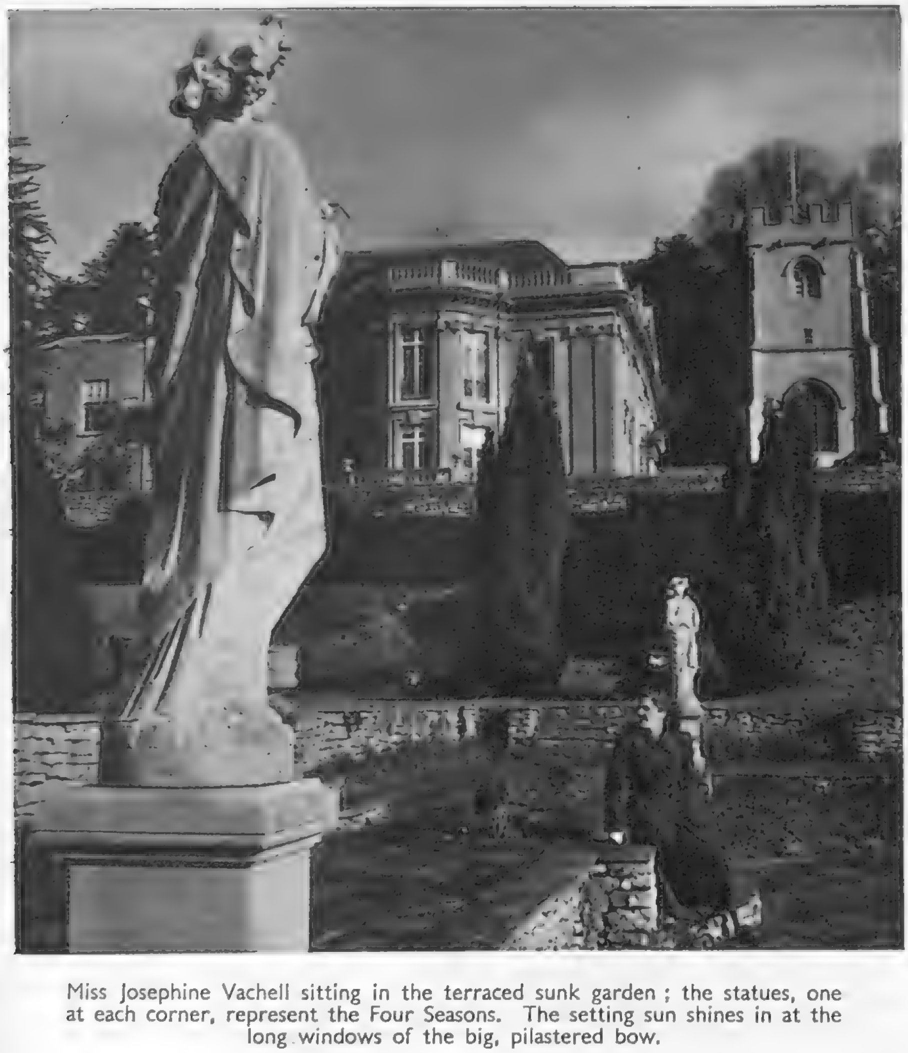
The south front of Widcombe Manor, home of Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell ; his daughter and granddaughter are coming down the steps from the terrace. The house was built by Inigo Jones just before his death in 1650 ; the round window and stone garlands in the pediment recall Wren's Garden Façade at Hampton Court.

At Home to "The Sketch"

MR. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL



Miss Josephine Vachell sitting in the terraced sunk garden ; the statues, one at each corner, represent the Four Seasons. The setting sun shines in at the long windows of the big, pilastered bow.

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WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

When Helena Bliss, star of *Kiss Me Kate*, and her understudy, Helen Jutsen, were both ill at the same time there was no one to take over except Paddy Larner, chorus-girl understudy to the second lead. There was no way of warning her before she clocked in with the rest of the chorus twenty-five minutes before the show started. She went on and gave a flawless performance; is now to play the part in the No. 1 touring company.

Sidney Allard has the distinction of driving to victory the first British car to win the Monte Carlo Rally for twenty-one years. In a car of his own make, he negotiated ice, snow and fog, without being penalised once. Stirling Moss, racing motorist, proved himself as outstanding in trial driving as on the track, piloting a Sunbeam-Talbot to second place in his first attempt in the Monte Carlo. He had to be hauled out of the snow once (see smaller picture), but lost no points. In the subsequent Regularity Test, over 46 miles of frozen, winding, mountainous roads behind Nice and Monte Carlo, Moss drove faster than anyone, but plunged off the road once; Allard won the test by 4 points.

MISS PADDY LARNER: For reaching stardom from the chorus in 25 minutes.

MR. SIDNEY ALLARD and MR. STIRLING MOSS: For driving British cars to first and second places in the most difficult Monte Carlo Rally ever.

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1. Janet Preston shows her husband the paper he didn't take with him that morning to prove he never came home the night before.

2. Major Watson tells Preston that the funds, £500, of the Social Club of which he is treasurer have been stolen, and that the Steward, since murdered, had accused Preston of taking them.

3. Dr. Sparling tries to make David Preston remember what he has been doing during his twenty-four-hour lapse of memory.

"HOME AT SEVEN"

This is a mystery about ordinary people: the ones who, all over London, regularly arrive home at seven. One night David Preston never came home at all and he didn't know it until his wife told him. Twenty-four hours had slipped out of his mind, £500 had been stolen and a man murdered—was he responsible?

Anatole de Grunwald wrote the screenplay from R. C. Sherriff's play; Maurice Cowan produced; Ralph Richardson directed and also played David Preston; Margaret Leighton plays his wife; Jack Hawkins is Dr. Sparling; Michael Shepley, Major Watson; Margaret Withers appears as Mrs. Watson; Campbell Singer plays Inspector Hemingway; Meriel Forbes is Peggy Dobson; Frederick Piper has the part of Mr. Petheridge; Gerald Case is Sergeant Evans. The film opened at the London Pavilion on January 31 and is reviewed by our film critic on the opposite page.

4. Having been questioned by Inspector Hemingway about the murder of the Steward, Preston takes the advice of Dr. Sparling and consults a solicitor, Mr. Petheridge.

5. Mr. Petheridge asks the Inspector if he may go with Preston to the police station, where he is to make a statement. Mrs. Preston looks on anxiously.

6. Major Watson seems convinced that Preston is guilty; Dr. Sparling shows how easy it is to cast suspicion and produces a case against Watson himself.

7. David Preston, with Mr. Petheridge, leaves the police station after his interview with the Inspector, whose smile does not reassure him.

8. Peggy Dobson, an eleventh-hour witness, tells the startled Janet Preston a strange story relating to the missing day, which shows the affair in a totally new light.

Coventry Publicity Men Relax

The Coventry Publicity Association gave a large ball at the Chesford Grange Hotel, Kenilworth, on January 25. Snow fell prettily on the floodlit hotel, and notabilities, including the Mayor and Mayoress of Coventry and the Mayor and Mayoress of Leamington, came from near by towns. Called the Publicity Ball, this was an opportunity for publicity men to relax and reveal themselves for a change.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH."

Lieut.-Colonel Long, the Chairman, *left*, explains the plaque to Mr. Charles Barratt, Town Clerk, Mr. George Mills, President, Councillor Harry Weston, J.P., Mayor of Coventry, Alderman O. R. Davidson, J.P., Mayor of Leamington Spa, and Mrs. Mills.

Timbered and turreted, Chesford Grange Hotel was bathed in floodlight beams of welcome as guests rolled up by car for a night out in the ballroom, which was decorated with a large plaque of the Association badge made entirely of paper by a member of the Association.

Miss Jean Clarke presenting Mrs. Mills, wife of the President, with a bouquet on her arrival at the ball. In the background is Lieut.-Colonel Long.

Miss Jean Clarke, winner of a beauty competition, preserved the blooming skin and dewy eyes of youth all through the evening. She also presented a bouquet to the Mayoress of Coventry.

Round they whirl in a waltz, full skirts well displayed, while onlookers rest on the sidelines. The waltz, often called "old-fashioned," has remained steadily in fashion longer than any other dance.

Alderman O. R. Davidson, the Mayor of Leamington Spa, congratulating the chef, Fred Field, on the excellent catering arrangements.

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SET DESIGN BY LESLIE HURRY.
This act drop for *Le Lac des Cygnes* is one of the thirty-eight plates in *Paintings and Drawings by Leslie Hurry*, published by The Grey Walls Press, a well-produced book covering the artist's work between 1939 and 1948. His swirling, mysterious and elegant sets for the Tchaikovsky ballet made one of the few bright spots in 1943.

OUR BOOKSHELF

THE ENIGMA OF CONRAD STONE. By Claude Houghton. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)
ENCORE. By W. Somerset Maugham. (*Heinemann ; 9s. 6d.*)
END AS A MAN. By Calder Willingham. (*John Lehmann ; 10s. 6d.*)
THE LIFE AND CASES OF MR. JUSTICE HUMPHREYS. By Stanley Jackson. (*Odhams ; 15s.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

"THE ENIGMA OF CONRAD STONE," Mr. Claude Houghton's new novel, is in his own tradition, so much so that in title, plot and characters it might almost be a parody of his own previous books. For me, the enigma is of Claude Houghton rather than of the title character, an enigma which grows with each novel that comes from this most talented writer. How does he do it? How does he bewitch his readers, among whom I count myself one of the most avid, into reading so greedily every paragraph of his books, not daring or even wanting to skip a line? His stories conform to pattern; each is a set of life-studies round one mysterious life, each throws a spotlight on one after another gesticulating figure while a central one remains in shadow. His characters do not live in any normal sense; they move with a puppet's unspontaneous mechanism. Though Mr. Houghton is not above using the usual and quite legitimate tricks of suspense, such as the search in this book for the cause of Conrad Stone's death, it is not through them that he achieves his interest. He is apt to tell the reader what his people are like, sometimes tautologically, instead of allowing them to reveal themselves by word or action, so that here we have Bud Evans repetitively labelled spiv, Reginald Murdock explained as a business man trying to break his routine, Sonia Druce a rich, married woman seeking low life, Roger Vicat a dipsomaniac, and so on, with most of their characteristics taken on trust from the author. Above all, he fails to create the ordered drama of a great story and produces only spasmodic and feverish activity such as one might see in a cage of monkeys. Yet, and this after all is so much the point that nothing more need be said, yet he holds his reader in a vice. As I read this book alone in the house, the telephone rang, and I found that I was unable to break off to answer it; the bell persisted and ceased while I read on, searching for a solution to this double enigma. A trivial tribute, perhaps, but I can think of no other novelist still publishing to whom it could be paid.

"ENCORE" is the latest collection of Mr. Somerset Maugham's short stories to be published together with their film scripts. It is illustrated with a number of stills from the recent film. Interest in such a book, one might think, would be a specialist interest, felt by people who are anxious to study the technique of film adaptation, but the two previous collections, *Quartet* and *Trio*, have had a far more general success.

The three stories in the present book all come from *Here and There*, a collection published in 1948. The screen-play of the first, "The Ant and the Grasshopper," is by T. E. B. Clarke, and it is amusing to see how the adaptor has seized on a casual sentence in the original, the one about the worthless brother shaking cocktails in the worthy brother's club, or waiting on the box-seat of a taxi outside it, to produce a whole series of comic incidents. The story, in fact, was no more than 2000 words long, and Mr. Clarke, while never departing from the spirit of it, and adding only one character and a piece of business about the family mansion, makes it a full and sizable film. Mr. Arthur Macrae in "Winter Cruise" had rather more to go on and has taken full advantage of it. Miss Reid in the original story was "a crashing, a stupendous, an excruciating bore," and in the film she is all this to her fellow-travellers while she fascinates her audience. Mr. Eric Ambler, who adapts "Gigolo and Gigolette" has to interpret a story in which the irony is heavy-handed and the situations melodramatic, but makes it taut and exciting.

I MUST use an old-fashioned word for *End as a Man*, by Calder Willingham, for it provokes an old-fashioned reaction. It is a shocking book. It describes life at an American military academy in all its violence, viciousness and degradation. We have grown accustomed to the use of bawdy idiom in novels and heard it defended on the grounds that it is necessary to produce an effect of verisimilitude. I have no doubt that Mr. Willingham's use of it is conscientious enough and I admit its effectiveness but not its necessity. His novel tells the story of a group of cadets, one or another of whom is guilty of every breach of the Academy's rules, while one or two of them manage to commit all the offences known to the prosy officer in command of the place. They gamble, get drunk, cheat at cards; they are promiscuous, sadistic and disloyal. They accuse one another to save their skins, they bully one another into joining their excesses. Fearful retribution falls on them—disease, expulsion or maiming.

THE second two words might almost have been dropped from the title of *The Life and Cases of Mr. Justice Humphreys*, for Mr. Stanley Jackson, its author, shows his impatience to reach the Cases and dispense with the Life. This is a pity, I think, for the portrait, so far as he shows it, is an interesting one—a shrewd, cautious, dryly humorous man who never took his responsibilities too lightly, but never came near collapsing under their weight. Mr. Jackson's interest in the cases, though, is understandable enough, for the string of those with which Sir Travers Humphreys was associated, either as Counsel or Judge, includes many of the most curious and, to the criminologist, most fascinating of our time, and they are recalled here with vividness. We read again, not without a chuckle, the story of Mr. D. S. Windell, who managed, one autumn morning in 1908, to cash cheques at eight branches of the London and South Western Bank and net a total of £2320 before anything odd about his name was noticed. We see again that wretched little poisoner Hawley Crippen; that mean, conceited murderer Frederick Henry Seddon; and we read the whole amazing story of the Great Pearl Robbery of 1913, a plot so far-fetched that no crime-writer would dare ask his readers to believe it in a novel. The trial of Sir Roger Casement is recalled without sentiment or prejudice, and the famous inter-war cases of Colonel Rutherford, Horatio Bottomley, and Bywaters and Thompson are done with the same thoroughness. Bottomley in particular, that squalid little demagogic drunkard who depended on tears and self-righteousness for his defence, has never been better portrayed. Then, in more modern times, we have the Gutteridge murder, the trial of Mrs. Elvira Barney, the Rattenbury murder and, finally, and most sordidly, the Haigh case. Mr. Jackson writes vivaciously and well, even if his liking for a simile occasionally leads him astray.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN BOOK.
By Leslie Baily. (*Cassell ; 42s.*)

It is hard to restrain the superlatives. This is certainly the most comprehensive history of what the publishers call the Gilbert and Sullivan phenomenon; it is also magnificently produced and illustrated. It contains a mass of new material and it spans more than a century, from Gilbert's birth in 1836 to the present.

QUEEN VICTORIA. By Roger Fulford.
MONTROSE. By C. V. Wedgwood.
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. By James A. Williamson.
Brief Lives. (*Collins ; 7s. 6d. each.*)

The first three of a new series of short biographies. There seem to be several of these series coming from different publishers just now, all of them clever essays in condensation and selection for the hurried bookmen of an epitomic age.

TWO PLEASURES FOR YOUR CHOOSING.
By Connery Chappell. (*Falcon Press ; 12s. 6d.*)

Described as "part novel, part biography," this tells a story of William Crockford, surrounding him with characters both real and imaginary. It is written with evident enthusiasm and considerable skill.

WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE.
By John Parker. (*Pitman ; £4.*)

The eleventh edition brings this very useful work up to date. Exact information about everyone and everything in the theatre in one compact volume.

Our Fashion Portfolio

1. (contd.)

STYLES ON WHEELS

Right : The very newest thing in waterproof cycling capes is a miracle of packability. It can be folded (wet if necessary) into a small bundle 6 ins. by 3 ins. The plastic is a fine soft-handling material, lemon-coloured, and the cape has welded seams and a hood. It costs about 30s. from James Grose, Euston Road, where also can be bought trouser clips, non-slip saddle seats, rubber cushion handle-grips, tool kits, dynamo headlamps and rear lights, and everything that the well-equipped cyclist could wish to have.

Left : To combat whistling winds, a chunky polo-necked sweater like this one in white wool by *Twomax*. The cable stitch is carried right down the sleeves. About £1 8s. at Peter Robinson ; D. H. Evans. With it Charlotte wears *Gor-ray's* useful tweed skirt, in a brown and white hound's tooth check. There are pleats grouped in pairs back and front, a zip-fastening centre back. From good stores everywhere. Her scarlet leather belt has a charming horse brass attachment.

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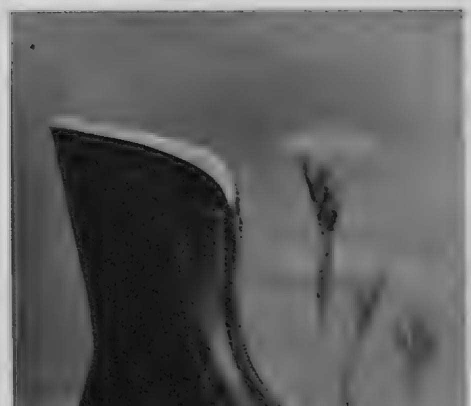
Our Fashion Portfolio

2. SPRING TWEEDS

Colours a shade gayer, jackets a shade shorter, shoulders softly rounded, skirts pleated for rustic comfort—that 's the newest measure of a country suit. Here are four spring-going suits to wear days without end, ways without number.

Left : A weil-bred country tailor-made in gull-grey soft wool herring-bone cloth. The edging is gold—the colour of jonquils. A *Hebe Sports* model, about 21 guineas, from Dickins and Jones ; Bentalls of Kingston ; Jenners of Edinburgh ; Watt and Grant, Aberdeen.



Patent pumps look pretty enough in a picture, but for real life country walks wear *Brevitt's* Labrador Bouncer Bootee, fleece-lined, front-zipped, and in a choice of crêpe or leather soles. About £5 14s. from good stores.

Right : A classic suit in grey and yellow plaid tweed, with the new oxidised torpedo buttons on the jacket ; three sets of gored pleats in the front of the skirt, one at the back. Styled by *Deréta*. Price about £7 16s., at Woollands of Knightsbridge ; Fenwicks of Bond Street ; Darling's of Edinburgh ; Samuels of Manchester.

Right : A trim young suit in gay puppy's-tooth wool. It has a swirling skirt, a shirt neckline, smoky pearl buttons. Pin a punch of yellow primroses on your shoulder. By *Deréta*. About 12 guineas from D. H. Evans ; Selfridges ; County Clothes of Cheltenham.

Below : An admirable tweed suit by *Selincourt*, in a variety of soft-coloured shadow-checked Saxony suitings. It is double-breasted, cut for comfort, the kind of suit which will still look right in five years' time. About £25 from Liberty ; County Clothes of Cheltenham ; Darling's of Edinburgh.

An ankle bootee that promises faithful companionship—*Brevitt's Stadium Bouncer.* In hunting calf or calf, about 5 guineas from good shops and stores everywhere.

Hershelle.

Our Fashion Portfolio

3. For the Slender Purse:

Your very best buy this spring *could* be the sturdy tweed suit above, with a skirt pleated for country life, a jacket buttoned high, belted tight. There are breast-high patch pockets and deep cuffs. The boxy jacket, worn loose, will do double duty over a slim brown skirt for town; the skirt will team up with jerseys and cardigans, and camel coats. *Hershelle* make it in a variety of colour combinations as well as plain grey flannel. Price: £9 18s., from Swan and Edgar; John Fox, Wimbledon; David Morgan, Cardiff; Hugh Gavin, Stirling.

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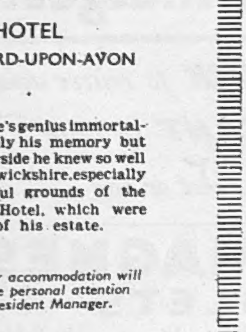

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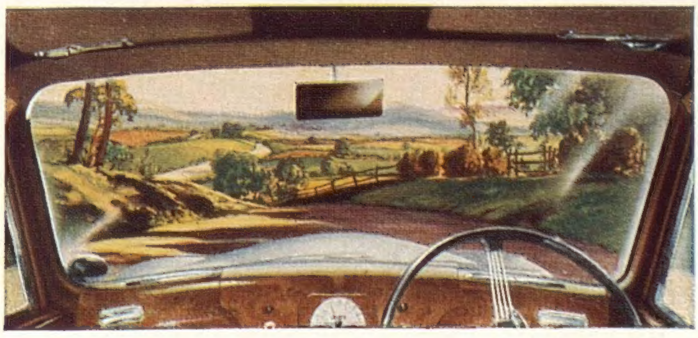

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